



# The Korea Mission Field

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**MOUNT ASAMA IN ERUPTION**

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**FUJI SAN, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN**

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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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No. 1

## Asama Yama

S. H. MARTIN, M. D. C. M.

**A**FTER being laid low by heat exhaustion in the Medical Clinic in July, a welcome S.O.S. came from the famous health resort at Karuizawa, Japan, to "come over" and do pneumothorax treatment for a Tubercular patient there. After crossing the cool Sea of Japan still sick and passing through the Japanese police, customs, newspaper reporters, and other uninteresting irritants, in the early dawn I got my first view of Japan's active volcano—Asama San. While being orientated at Karuizawa and getting my medical work started, I would often ride out in the cool of the evening through the fine trees to watch the golden glow of the setting sun light up the huge mounting plume of smoke from Asama as it rolled away to the east. I must climb to the top of this monster that was liable at any moment to blow its head off. We had read of its destruction of scores of villages when it had laid waste the country within a radius of thirty miles—we heard of the numbers who had been killed at the top and the foreigner who had been crushed by a rock hurled from the crater before he could escape—I could see through my telescope the Shinto Torii which marked the way of the spirits. Only two weeks before twelve people had committed suicide by jumping into the crater. Then one moonlight night—weather conditions were suddenly ideal at 10 p. m.

we found ourselves in a powerful motor car climbing along the sunken road cut through twenty feet of volcanic ash and thick green, foliage on and upwards with only the stars hanging like lamps in the ambient blue of the sky overhead. At 11 P. M. we reached the outskirts of civilization 3000 ft. high and registered our names at the tea home as required by the police in case we should not return, (police are careful to see that you do not get lost) and then with a sturdy little Japanese guide started our five thousand foot climb into the ethereal blue, headed by Dr. Richard Roberts the well known author and preacher of Toronto, Canada. After two hours climbing—we passed the sheer incline down which had flowed ten miles of lava to bury the villages below. Here we could see the distant electric lights of Japanese cities miles away, like "fireflies tangled in a silver skein". Below us wafted in the breeze came the shouts of Japanese climbers with electric torches to show them the path through the "Scorio"—or volcanic ash. With the help of my staunch friend D. A. McDonald of our Korean Mission we reached at long last the upper shoulder of the black wilderness of mountain mass silouetted against the moonlit sky. 'Twas then we had our first "gassing" from the acrid sulphur fumes and smoke from the crater forcing us to bury our faces in wet



handkerchiefs and resting behind huge rocks which had been blown out of the walls of the crater. Then on and up gasping for pure air until breathless we threw ourselves down on the edge of *nowhere* to gaze in awe and silence into "Hades" 800 ft below. Sheer down below us lay a red molten lake around the center of which were great *white hot* tunnels from which huge flames rushed up and lava boiled and overflowed to the cooler sides of the vertical walls. Great clouds of sulphur and steam swirled and eddied up the abysmal walls which echoed the eerie roar and rumble of the huge cauldron—while overhead sailed on the moon in all her placid serenity. We were wrapt in a vision of Dante and thought of the poor creatures who had jumped from here into eternity—then we noticed a red glare on the opposite lip of the crater and turning saw the sun in all his glory and the mountain peaks through the silver

clouds - like islands such as those I have seen in the arctic seas. The guide shouted to us to look—and there sure enough 150 miles to the south was the peerless Fuji the symbol and pride of Japan with its pink tipped cone rising above a lavender mist. We sat in silence drinking our coffee, inwardly thanking God, "who had matched us with this hour". The Japanese climbers whom we did not know at the foot of the mountain, suddenly became our mutual and cordial friends—we shared our food—we had in a moment become brothers on the top of one of God's great mountains. And here as I sat in the dawn and watched the landscape unfold, I felt that these two great mountains epitomized the soul of Japan—over there was the dignity, purity and beauty of Fuji San and here the uncertainty of the seething cauldron of the grim Asama Yama.

## Ode to Asama

On either side the mountains lie,  
Green covered, climbing to the sky  
Thru stately trees the road runs by,  
To towering, gaunt, Asama.

Beeches whiten, larches quiver,  
Gentle breezes lightly shiver,  
Hov'ring o'er a sea of flowers,  
Raining aches down in showers,  
Covering eaves and garden bowers  
Smokes the grim Asama.

Up and down the people go  
Shady paths where lilies blow,  
Round Hanare's mountain low  
Over lava beds and so  
To reach to steep Asama.

Where still smoking night and day,  
In colored plumes that roll away  
To distant village where they say  
A curse is on you if you stay  
To gaze into Asama.

But hither women without fear  
Toil on and up the scoriae stair  
For one last look both far and near  
On Nippon's landscape held so dear  
From lofty Mount Asama.

Till, gazing from the crater's crest,  
They, leaping, bring at last to rest ;  
Their ardent spirits, long repressed,  
Embosomed in Asama.

And later, thru that silent night,  
With funeral plume and glowing light,  
A booming dirge rolls down the height  
From crimson-coned Asama.

Malignant, smoking night and day,  
Above this city, light and gay,  
And who would ever dare to say  
Just at what time and in what way  
We may become a new Pompeii  
Entombed beneath Asama.

But beeches silver, aspens quiver,  
Gentle breezes lightly shiver,  
Up and down the people go  
Where ferns and primrose gently blow  
While, ever smouldring, ever nigh,  
Above the golden, sunset sky,  
Looks down the dread Asama.

(The Press reports that twelve people leaped into the crater of Asama on July 30th, 1933)



## Go—Tell

CHAS. A. SAUER

**J**OHAN, THE BAPTIST sponsored a layman's inquiry. The inquiry commission went to Jesus with just one question, which in effect asked, What have you to say for yourself?

The members of that layman's commission making this "inquiry after one year" were astonished when Jesus indicated that he had nothing to say for himself. It was not a matter of self-appraisal nor was it a matter of appraisal by the inquiry committee.

Jesus then said that the best report the committee might make was to give an account of what they actually saw being done. "Go and tell John what you have seen and heard", Jesus concluded.

Yes, Jesus said "Go tell John,"—not the newspapers. Fortunately there were no newspapers in Jesus day to carry misconceptions concerning the report from Tyre to Tarshish before it was received by John himself.

What a sensation it would have made. The "Jerusalem Times" carrying headlines to the effect that John the Baptist was in serious perplexity as to the credentials of the man he had publicly proclaimed as the Messiah, followed a day or so later by a special wire from Galilee to the effect that an inquiry commission had actually arrived to interview Jesus.

The fact that Jesus' work was of such a nature that his own relatives believed him mentally unbalanced and even took steps to place him in custody,—that would be front page news. The fact that he had absolutely refused to cooperate in a public uprising to make him king,—that certainly would get a feature article in a newspaper circulating among Jews. The fact that Jesus had selected some uneducated and ignorant men as his co-workers would certainly merit mention. The fact that Jesus was so factless as to

antagonize the better elements of society by fraternizing with tax collectors,—that also could be used by the committee!

We have often wondered just what kind of a report that first inquiry commission made. If they followed Jesus suggestion and first of all told what they had seen and heard the impression made upon John was probably favorable.

But if they began studying their reactions too soon and permitted appraisal to come to the forefront before they did the actual telling of the facts they probably presented John with such a mass of "we finds" that John never did know just exactly what they had seen and heard.

It is extremely dangerous to make an appraisal of another man's work because the appraisal reveals more concerning the person making the appraisal than it does of the thing appraised. Once upon a time twelve men spent forty days in a land flowing with milk and honey. When they returned to civilization the minority report flatly contradicted the appraisal made by the commission as a whole and the report as it is handed down to us to-day tells us more about the men who went and the nature of the people who sent them than it does of the nature of the land they reported on.

And so we may say that in so far as that first inquiry committee dealt with a report of what they had seen and heard they were revealing facts about Jesus. But the minute they began telling their impressions and making appraisals of what they had seen and heard they began revealing facts about themselves.

A famous Methodist preacher once stood on the Wonju hills and listened to the story of an atrocity that had occurred recently in a nearby village. Scarcely was the recital finished when the preacher dashed down the



hill for his typewriter, ignoring the plea of the missionary that he wait for a few more facts. "I am not looking for facts, I am looking for the truth", called this preacher as he grabbed the cover from his precious machine. He wrote a book but it was far from revealing the truth because the writer began his appraisal before he had gathered his facts.

Jesus' heart must have ached as he said what he did say to that inquiry commission. He knew how little satisfaction John Baptist could hope to get out of that report, or any other report. John Baptist had told the world that the axe was at the root of the tree. Moreover he was now sitting in his prison cell waiting, waiting, for the crash. No wonder he doubted if Jesus were the Messiah. The tree was so long in falling.

Herein lies the perplexity of every missionary. The world wants action. It likes to be told in one letter that the axe is at the root of the tree and in the next the tree has fallen. Yea, and there must be a third follow-up letter telling that a better and more glorious tree has miraculously sprung up like Jack-the-giant-killer's beans.

But, alas for the missionary, oaks do not grow enough in three months time to make it possible to write any glowing reports. Indeed sudden changes are usually disastrous ones like earthquakes and sudden terminations of fevers. And even if it were possible to speak of a great revival and mass movements the missionary would know in his heart of hearts that he was reporting a serious malady because of the impossibility of assimilating so many new elements at one time. The missionary likes to keep his melting pot boiling, but the church at home wishes to hear of great inpourings, even if the contents of the meeting pot grow cold!

Yes, Jesus' heart ached for John. The report should indeed tell of big things accomplished. The blind were seeing, the deaf were hearing. But unfortunately the report would give little hope to this first century

John that the evangelization of the world would be accomplished in his generation!

And so as Jesus thought of John the Baptist and all the other Johns down through the ages who would grow impatient and long for larger results he uttered an aside that the members of that inquiry commission hardly knew how to include in their report. "The man who sees what I see in the future, the man who has patience and faith in God to wait as I have, the man who is not repelled by this long deferred program,—blessed is that man".

Happily for Jesus, his support did not depend upon just what kind of a report that inquiry commission made. We wonder if his answer would have been different if it had.

Probably not. Jesus knew Mary, and Joanna, and Susanna, and the other members of the missionary society that so frequently tucked dollar bills into their letters and so often sent checks to the headquarters in Capernaum designated for his work. They knew Jesus personally. They had frequent reports of what he was doing. They had missionary zeal and fervor and they believed in him. They would help him as they could, this man who believed that what he was doing was so vital that he would put his life and all he held dear into it.

And so Jesus said, "Go tell John what I am doing. Tell him I am putting into this all I have. Tell him I cannot hope to see big results every day. Tell him I expect many will doubt and grow cold (even as he himself is doubting). Tell him some may withdraw support and I may some day be left penniless among strangers, if I should wander in my preaching too far from the home base. But tell him that even though all my friends who once knew me may forsake me and the Parish Abroad Plan be turned into Perish Abroad, yea, even then will I risk it all."

And tell John, "Blessed is the man who is not so repelled by what I am doing that he cannot have a part in it!"



# The Rural Problem in Korea

FRANK T. BORLAND

**D**URING THE LAST year I have been privileged to visit three schools conducted by the Japanese Government for Korean boys. Two of these have already been described in the "KOREA MISSION FIELD." I hope that a brief description of the third will be no less interesting. About two years ago I think, Miss Wagner described a visit to the Reformatory School near Wonsan, and in February 1931 Mr. Oda told of the Government Supplementary Agricultural School which must not be confused with the Agricultural College at Soowon although it is in the same place. You may remember that its main features were that it was established to help the boys of the Soowon district who had finished their Primary School course, and who were going on to their parents' farms. Each boy was required to have some land of his own to farm. There was no class room work except in Winter, and for five days out of six the boys worked at their own homes, while the teachers travelled round on bicycles to visit and supervise them. Every Monday the boys came to school and farmed the school land under model conditions, again under the direct supervision of the teachers. There was no book learning, either of Agriculture or anything else. The three best students who finished the second year of the course each year, were given the chance of an extra year in which they could bring their immediate family to live on one of the small farms adjacent, and belonging to the school; and while farming that land for their own profit they could still be learning improved methods with help and advice from the school.

The school I now wish to describe caters to exactly the same class of boy, but it is as different as two schools of the same type could well be. The difference is in this case largely the expression of the personality of

quite a remarkable headmaster. The school was begun only last year by the Government of South Kyung Sang Province for the boys of Namhai, one of the largest of the islands on the South coast. The fact that in its second year it has 88 boys between the ages of 15 and 26 shows how greatly it has appealed to the imagination of the farmers of the island. The fame of the headmaster has spread, and even before I went I had been warned to expect something quite unusual. "The headmaster is the hardest worker on the farm. The headmaster actually carries a jiggy!" Such were some of the things I had heard. (For the uninitiated I may explain that a jiggy is a wooden frame carried on the back of a coolie to enable him to carry heavy loads, and is a sign of servitude. Not many years ago I am told, a teacher would have been scorned for doing such a thing, but today he is universally respected and admired, which shows how far Korea has travelled during recent years.)

The headmaster, Mr. Toyama, is Japanese but his two teachers are both Korean. He is a young man who looks more than his 31 years, and seemed to me to have a tired look although he said he had never felt better in his life. It may sound strange that on a first acquaintance the conversation should have taken such a turn, but when I heard that the minimum number of working hours for himself and the teachers was 16 out of every twenty-four with no rest on Sunday, and only seven days holiday for either teachers or boys in the year, I felt constrained to ask how long he expected to last and he replied that it might be three years and it might be five; but that it didn't matter because his job had to be done. I realised then that there was an element of fanaticism in him, and I wondered where the motive power was to be found. It was interesting to watch him as he



answered that question. Of course not speaking Japanese I was compelled to wait for what he said to be interpreted by a Korean friend. He drew from his pocket a small purse, in which wrapped in folds of cloth was a tin bow and arrow a relic from the temple of one of the Buddhist sects in Japan. In showing us this he said that he didn't really believe in it, but he went on to say that religion must be at the very centre of a school if the school is to be a success. In his own school he felt that it was so central that he himself taught no agricultural subjects lest the boys should get the wrong idea of its importance. He worked with his hands as many or more hours than any of them, but that too was a part of religious discipline, and he strove to make it so for the boys as well. Every boy who worked for a whole week without a single word to any neighbour (i. e. while doing farm work) received an Honour Certificate. "While working with one's hands concentration on Divine things with one's whole mind is the surest way to Nirvana where self is so completely lost that every self becomes a God with power to do all things." Along with this mysticism was bound up a very deep devotion to the entity which is the object of devotion of every Japanese patriot. Unless one realises the religious element bound up with Japanese Nationalism it is impossible to estimate either its power or its characteristic quality. When asked what it was in which he believed, Mr. Toyama said that he knew that there was something beyond in the Realm of Spirit, but who or what it was he had not yet discovered. He was still searching, and when my companion spoke of having himself made that discovery, he became very interested and expressed a desire to learn more of Christianity so my friend promised to send him some books.

My next question was how he had persuaded the teachers and the boys to follow his very difficult lead. He told us that the two teachers were specially chosen for him from among

the teachers in the Education Department for the special qualities that he wanted. The boys were a different problem, and soon after the school began last year they threatened to strike. He faced this crisis in a characteristic way. Instead of four hours a week of Moral Science he himself began to teach three hours a day of that subject until he had converted the boys to his point of view. Verily the triumph of an idea over recalcitrant human nature. Since then there has been no rumour of trouble and he has more boys than he wants while many are disappointed this year in not getting into the school.

Mr. Toyama spent the greater part of an afternoon and evening explaining his ideas to us, and did not leave us at our inn until about eleven p. m.; but next morning at 4:30 a. m. when we got up, we found a boy waiting to guide us to the school in the semi darkness. The headmaster had himself got up and routed this boy out of the dormitory to send him on this errand. When we arrived at the school we could just see Mr. Toyama alone on the school playground engaged in prayer. Then we saw him set off for the other end of the farm, where he blew the Japanese equivalent of the reveille on a bugle. In two minutes the boys had all tumbled out of their dormitories and were running at a jog trot to the place where the Principal was whence in a body they come running the length of the farm to the playground for their daybreak assembly. First the Japanese flag was hoisted on the flagpole while the National Anthem was sung. Then for about ten minutes, with the principal leading they had physical exercises based on the characteristic actions of farming activities. Then they had worship, a Shintoist service with its obeisances to the rising sun, and its invocation of the great spirits. After this the headmaster gave quite a lengthy address which I supposed to be on some religious topic, but discovered that it was a eulogy of the Provincial Government for all it had done for the boys and especially for sending a moving picture to



be displayed at the school that evening for the boys' amusement.

After the Assembly dismissed they all jogged off to get their tools to begin the day's farm work, but before they set off in silence to weed a barley field they received another rather lengthy address on the importance of looking after their tools, and treating them as if they were parts of their own body. It was quite clear that even the tools have a religious significance for the principal. The boys supply their own tools and take them home with them when they finish their course. We knew that there was not much use waiting any longer on the chance of seeing Mr. Toyama to say goodbye because as usual he was leading the way to the field with his hoe in his hand. However, as we went back to have breakfast before leaving for home, we passed the place where he was working, and he rose and made a silent bow which was both morning greeting and farewell.

Before coming to an end I must mention some of the special features of the school. I have already referred to the absence of holidays and the discipline of silence during manual labour. I have also hinted that everything is done at a run which is indeed true. Unless carrying a heavy load every boy is expected to run wherever he goes all day long, and to record in his diary the number of minutes spent each day in running. The diary also records the thoughts of the boys while working, and I suppose it serves as an experimental check on the success of the process of concentration on the wonders of nature. The boys are expected to be absolutely truthful in this as in the other records that they must keep; and it seemed to me that this object was being achieved. No punishment so far as I am aware is inflicted for an unsatisfactory train of thought, but I imagine that the very fact of having to record it would be a check on a boy's thinking. The other records that they must keep include a careful record of the quantities of different kinds of food eaten every day. When the boy

goes home every second Sunday he has to record the quantities eaten in his home, and from these records the headmaster says he has found that the Korean standard of living is very low indeed. Other records that he must keep at home, not only for the days when he is at home, but also for the time that he is absent at school, are records of the doings of every member of the family, How many hours work father did on Monday, Tuesday, etc. How many hours work mother did,—also big brother, big sister, little brother, little sister; as well as a faithful record of the occasions when father or brother was the worse for liquor, and other interesting details of the same kind. This should be a very useful discipline as it is intended to inculcate a habit of keeping accurate records, as well as being a constant reminder that it is easy to think you work harder than you really do. These records and the diaries are gone over by the teachers at their leisure, (which means while they are eating their meals).

Now I agree with you that there is something quite mad about all this, and I think that the passage of the years will tone down some of the rigorousness until the whole is better suited to the natural rhythm of life in this country where the enervating summer climate, and the staple diet of rice seem to contribute towards a slower pace in all the activities of life; but personally I would welcome more of that type of madness in a world which is too blasé to be very enthusiastic about anything new and unusual. A spirit like that of Mr. Toyama, used in the service of a Christian purpose, would have no limit to the possibilities of achievement. I believe that among the Japanese people there are already many with that spirit and that their numbers will increase. It would not be difficult to bring evidence in support of the idea that Japan is destined to give to the world within the next few generations a new quality of Christian leadership which will inspire at the same time as it shames the Laodicean lukewarmness of much of our



Christian endeavour. It is to this spirit of reckless selfgiving that we look for the martyrs whose blood will be the seed of a reign of Peace on Earth and Goodwill among men. If it is not Christened, the same spirit will lead to limitless destruction, but however

sumberged the Christian influence may seem to be at the present moment, the time will not be long in coming, when the King of Kings on His Throne will win through love the homage even of the Princes of this world.

## Korean Proverbs

COLLECTED BY HONG NOH LEE

1. It is foolish to mend the stable after you lose your cow.

소 잃고 외양간 못친다.

2. The one-day-old dog never knows that the tiger is fearful.

하로 강아지 뱀 무서운줄 몰은다.

3. The men who climbs well will fall, and the man who swims well will drown.

나무에 잘 오르는 놈은 썩어죽고 험잡치는 놈은 물에 빠져죽는다.

4. If you get angry and kick the stone you only hurt your foot.

성내가지고 돌썩리치면 내발만 아프다.

5. If a man rides on a horse, he wants a groom.

말타면 경마잡히고 십다.

6. If a man's stomach is full, he will never know about his servant's hunger.

내배부르면 종의 배고픈줄 모른다.

7. If the sparrow wishes to follow the crane, he will hurt his legs.

참새가 황새를 쫓아가려면 가랑이가 찢어진다.

8. If a word is once uttered, even a four horsed car cannot follow after it.

말이 한번 나가면 네말을 맨마차라도 능히 쫓지 못한다.

9. Think of your anger as your enemy.

성내는것을 나의원수로 생각할지니라.

10. Pride fosters enemies, and drives away friends.

거만은 원수를 기르고 동모를 쫓나니라.

11. Good advice sounds harsh to the ear but is good in conduct.

충언은 귀에 거스리나 행실에는 이로우니라.

12. (Many speech, few useful words.) In many words useful words on few.

말이 많으면 쓸말이 저그니라.

13. The words of daytime are heard by the birds and the words of night are heard by the mouse.

낮말은 새가듣고 밤말은 쥐가듣는다.

14. There are no trees which being cut ten times, will not fall.

열번 찍어 아니넘어가는 나무 없다.

15. There will be no smoke from the empty furnace.

아니땀 굴뚝에 연기 나랴

16. Stretch your legs after you see your bed.

술씻을 보고 발을 썩더라.

17. The quarrel between husband and wife is like cutting water with a knife.

내외 싸움은 칼로 물을 비는것갓다.

18. Even in digging a well, dig only one well.

우물을파도 한 우물을 파라.

19. We can know the depths of ten fathoms of water, but we never know one fathom of man's heart.

열길 물속은 알아도 한길사람의 속은 몰은다.

20. The money in the tobacco-pouch is in the purse.

담배쌈지 속에 돈 돈이 주머니 돈이다.

21. When the tiger is away, the fox is the king.

호랑이가 업을 썰에는 여호가 왕이다.

22. Water stands only in the hard ground.

단단한 땅에 물이 고인다.

23. As soon as the crow flies away, the pear falls down.

가마귀 날어가자 배 떨어진다.



# Amber and Jade

MRS. R. K. SMITH



WHAT were the most precious articles in old Korea? Answers might differ—but not widely. First would be brass; brass bells, dishes, brass bound chests: and then pearl inlay in boxes, cabinets, screens; jade in less quantity and amber more common. The silver smith turned out creditable work but neither silver nor gold nor precious stones in our sense of the word had a place in this land. Once there was pottery but the raid of Hideyoshi ended that, the superstitions of the people concerning the dragons dwelling in the hills kept them from mining for gold but they did acquire skill in the fashioning of brass and pearl and stone.

Among articles of adornment dear to the heart of Korea's womanhood those made of amber and jade easily held first place.

My first real knowledge of amber was acquired some twenty years ago in Korea and it has taken all these years to put it done on paper for the benefit of others not in the position to see merchants on their doorsteps with their strings of beads and oval drops as I did just now. What I know is little enough but with library facilities handy you can find out more.

Amber is a fossil resin from extinct trees which are now called *Pinus Succinifera* as *succinum* was Pliny's name for amber; trees which flourished in the Eocene and Oligocene epochs when the North Sea and Baltic regions had tropic vegetation such as now exists in southern Asian countries such as Burma which supply part of the amber of today. Although a vegetable product, it is "mined" if you can call the slicing away of the Baltic hills, washing the dirt, and dumping it in the sea when the precious lumps have been received mining. Two hundred and twenty thousand pounds per annum are thus found in the Baltic regions so it is not much wonder with less than a hundredth part secured in all the rest of the

world, we were told all the amber sold to tourists in the orient comes from Germany.

We were once asked to buy a string of beads for a person who had a goitre. She believed in its curative value. I too had a goitre and was wearing a string of beads with three Korean drops when I started for the operating room and nearly convulsed the surgeon as he started to cut by telling him since the amber had not cured he at least ought to make his incision so the beads would cover the scar! But there is a real reason why amber necklaces are worn by folk with asthma and other conditions affecting the throat. Amber takes on the temperature of the body and never feels cold to the skin as do other materials. The amber mouthpiece for lord's pipe was originally talismanic, for amber was thought to be a cure for all sorts of diseases as well as a charm against witches and the evil eye.

Amber is found in Mycenaean tombs, in the lake dwellings of Switzerland in Neolithic remains in Denmark and in bronze age tombs in England while Tacitus tells how he collected specimens on the Baltic beaches and how popular it was in Rome so its use in the Orient as an ornament should not surprise us. An author in China said many centuries ago that "The ancients say that the hu p'o is the resin of the fir-tree, which being embedded in the soil during a thousand years, turns into amber. When burned it emits an odor like that of resin. It sometimes encloses insects. An imitation of the hu p'o is produced by boiling hen's eggs with fish roe. The genuine hu p'o when rubbed between the hands until it becomes hot, will attract straw. Now all the hu p'o in China is brought from foreign countries." The Chinese think the soul of a tiger turns into amber, the teardrops falling from the glance of a dying tiger when shot. Perhaps that is the reason the variety most valued is straw coloured and slightly coloured.



The Korean name is "ho-pak" and Koreans seem to prefer red. Amber beads can still be seen on some of the remaining topknots and head bands but it is seldom seen on the jacket as buttons. The doctor was examining the buttons on the jacket of his first operative case and the grateful man cut them off and gave them to him. Amber beads on the man's hat ties were once common but now seldom seen. The dictionary gives a word for a medicine made from amber. Impure amber from the Baltic goes into varnishes and there is from 3 to 8% succinic acid which can be distilled out so we cannot say that there is no practical value in amber. But its beauty is enough of a reason for its being! A single red drop used as a button on a patients jacket was a source of joy in the midst of a gruelling day at a country clinic when hands were busy with abscesses as big as hen's eggs and ulcers of twenty year's standing. Just as the ginkgo tree is a living link with past ages, so this lovely translucent drop came down through time as a token of love and light and longing.

Even since hearing a mountain south of Kyungju called "Jade Mountain" I have wanted to find out what jade is and why we hear of it so much when we really see very little of it in actual use in the orient. The Britannica gives the name Jade to two stones one nephrite and the other jadeite but mineralogists limit it to the first, the term suggesting the reputed medicinal value of the stone.

Jade, in its wide and popular sense, has always been highly prized by the Chinese, who not only believe in its medicinal value (powdering it for administration) but regard it as the symbol of virtue. It occupies the highest place as a jewel and is revered as the quintessence of heaven and earth. Much of the nephrite used by the Chinese has been obtained from the quarries in the Kuen-lun mountains in Turkestan and has been worked from very ancient times in Khocen and since 1891 in Kansuh. The great centre of Chinese jade-working is Peking. Siberia has yielded very fine specimens of dark green nephrite, new

deposits being opened up to supply material for the tomb of the Tsar Alexander III. A gigantic monolith exists at the tomb of Tamerlane at Sarkand. The Chinese feitsui, some times called "imperial jade," is a beautiful green stone which seems generally to be jadeite. Some of the common Chinese ornaments imitating jade are carved in steatite or serpentine, while others are merely glass." So much is picked out from a page of the Britannica.

It is interesting to note that jade is wide spread both in time and place, being found in dolmens of France and Swiss lake-dwellings and in Indian graves and old shell heaps in Alaska, as axe-heads in New Caledonia and as Aztec amulets and Mexican votive adzes in pre-Spanish days. It is a very tough stone, due to a dense fibrous structure, yet its hardness is not great, making it easy for the Stone-age man to shape out belts, axes and other implements. The resonant character of jade has led to its occasional use as a musical stone.

Chemically, jade is a calcium-magnesium-silicate whereas jadeite is an aluminium sodium silicate with a much denser structure. The color of jade presents various shades of green, yellow and gray due to compounds of iron, manganese and chromium, but the color of jadeite is very much paler than that of nephrite, even to being called "camphor jade" because of its whiteness.

I found this note in an old note book, but do not know its source. Confucious said, "It is not because Jade is rare that it is much esteemed, but because from ancient times the wise have compared virtue to jade. In the eyes of wise man the polish and brilliancy of jade symbolizes the virtues of humanity; the hardness represents sureness of intelligence; its angles, which do not cut, although they appear trenchant - figures justice; the beads, ceremony; when struck, music; its brilliancy that of sky."

Eckardt says of the use of jade in Korea, (p. 182, History of Korean Art) "The use of



sleatite and jade was from early time popular in decoration and carving, though not to such an abnormal extent as in China. They were chiefly used for small pagodas ; for seals with an animal as handle ; for palettes for rubbing Indian ink ; for small vases and plates ; and later for tobacco jars."

Dr. Gale gives "ok" and "ok-tol" as the Korean name for jade ; the green and white varieties being most highly prized, pre-eminent-ly the green. "Ok-chai" is the "Jade Emperor" used in Chinese literature as the highest of the gods. "Ok po" is the jade seal of the king ; "ok-no" is a jade egret worn by officials of civil rank ; "ok-ho" a jade tiger as worn by military officials of civil rank ; Many other jade articles are mentioned. Bluish green shades of color are "ok-saik." The rabbit in the moon is also of jade, "ok-tokei"

Of course you know of the jade flute of Kyungju which is in the Seoul Museum forever dumb as it cannot be played except in its home. This is a relic of the old Silla dynasty. Then there is the jade bowl found through a dream by a farmer gathering wood on Chiri Mountain. It had these words carved on the cover, "Let the Emperor bathe and then open

this;" and on the bottom, "The gift of the people of Chiri Mountain." The bowl was sent to his majesty on Aug. 15, 1902.

Jade madness has possessed China for centuries and most of the world's jade comes from the Chinese shops where grinding and carving is carried on even though Burma and Turkestan has furnished this precious substance. Its earliest use was almost purely ritualistic. It was a royal stone and the finest pieces now come from tombs. Gold was not worthy any decoration above the third or fourth rank. The story of the pearl of great price could be told in terms of jade, for kings in China have sold whole cities for a single piece. The artists have there lavished all the intricacy of decoration possible on translucent stone. One of the gates of Peiking was called the "Jade Gate" because this precious mineral was brought into the city through it, again reminding us of the gates of pearl. With the westerner the diamond and the pearl take first and second place, but the oriental prefers the warm reds of amber or rich yellow of jade. White pieces with reddish brown marks are particularly valued, also pieces with a roughness on the surface.

## DO YOU KNOW ?

- |  |        |           |
|--|--------|-----------|
| 1.—What and where is Asma Yama ?   | ... .. | (Page 1)  |
| 2.—Who sponsored the first "Layman's inquiry" ?  | ... .. | (Page 3)  |
| 3.—What are the main features of the Soo Won Supplementary Agricultural School ?                           | ... .. | (Page 5)  |
| 4.—Any Korean proverbs ?   | ... .. | (Page 8)  |
| 5.—What are some of the articles of adornment dear to the heart of Korean women ?                          | ... .. | (Page 9)  |
| 6.—How many persons entered the recent government examinations in Seoul for license to practice medicine ? | ... .. | (Page 15) |
| 7.—Two new books by missionaries in Korea ?  | ... .. | (Page 16) |
| 8.—How Dr. Black was honored by a grateful patient ?   | ... .. | (Page 21) |
| 9.—What was "Silla's Star Tower" ?   | ... .. | (Page 13) |
| 10.—How many orphans, blind, deaf, dumb and other helpless ones are reported by the government ?           | ... .. | (Page 22) |



# Ton Wha Hyun, A Chinese City.

EMMA M. PALETHORPE



THE OLD Chinese City of Ton Wha and surrounding district, lying about 300 Li, (100 miles) North West of Lungchingtsun have held particular interest for the East Manchuria Presbytery ever since, about eight years ago, the Presbytery sent an evangelist to work among the Koreans just then beginning to settle in that part of Manchuria. The original plan for his support was a contribution of five sen per year per Church member throughout the Presbytery and this piece of Home Mission work aroused a great deal of interest. The choice of worker proved a happy one and he soon became well and favorably known to both Chinese and Koreans, throughout the district. For some years, also, a Biblewoman has been at work there, for the past couple of years supported entirely by the Korean women of the Presbytery.

Travel between Lungchingtsun and Ton Wha has always been particularly difficult, the way including a very high mountain pass and much of the land being so marshy that the roads were practically impassable a great part of the year.

The recently opened railway between Kirin and Korea, passing as it does through Ton Wha, has now, however, shortened the former four day trip to a few hours of very comfortable travel. The cars are of steel construction, beautifully finished and equipped. One is also struck by the beauty and size of the station houses all along the line, evidencing great faith in the future of this part of the country. They are built in varying combinations of stone, grey brick and stucco and show wonderful variety in design.

Much of the way lies through very beautiful country, at its best in this Fall season when the trees are showing all the glory of Autumn coloring. The mountains are more rocky than in East Manchuria, better wooded and

more distinctive.

The ruins of once peaceful farm homes and small villages stand as grim reminders of the past months and there are many indications that even yet the country-side is not as peaceful as it looks. Armoured cars, fully manned, precede every train, and each train has special compartments for soldiers, carried as guard. Near each station house are well built soldiers' barracks, surrounded by barbed wire entanglements. While the train remains at a station a guard with fixed bayonet stands at attention on the platform. Each station is built with a barricade at one end. Along the tracks, particularly at the larger stations, are to be seen various kinds of armoured rolling stock.

The walled city of Ton Wha shows a curious mixture of ancient and modern. The old mud wall worn down so that it had ceased to afford much protection has now been surmounted by a high board fence, topped with barbed wire. Soldiers with fixed bayonets stand guard at the four gates of the city which are closed at night.

The clock in the tower of the new station house looks down upon a bustling, jostling crowd of blue clad Chinese inn keepers and drosky drivers. It is not yet considered safe for the trains to run after dark so all going further West must spend the night at Ton Wha, an arrangement doubtless very acceptable to the inn keepers. The station being more than a mile from the city, the droskies with their teams of fat Chinese ponies are in great demand.

The city is well lighted from a recently installed Southern Manchuria Railway Electric Light Plant.

The stone of the district is particularly interesting, being of a strange, pock-marked or honey combed formation, indicating volcanic origin.



Although a Korean settlement has been planned and a small beginning made at building Korean houses, as yet all the Koreans are living in Chinese houses. The great majority of them are refugees who have fled for safety during the troubles of the past months to this centre, many of them losing their all. They are living in very crowded and unsanitary conditions but are full of hope for the future.

The writer met with very real and much appreciated hospitality during a recent visit to this church when the evangelist and his family, who have only one room, turned it over to her for the week, themselves joining neighbors who also had scanty accommoda-

tions.

The labor of the evangelist during these eight years has borne fruit. Seven churches have been established in that district. It was not until the recent disturbed conditions brought refugees from here and there that enough Christians could be gathered in the city itself to form a church, but now they have a good strong group with often more than a hundred in attendance at the regular services. As yet the church is housed in a rented Chinese building but land has been secured in the projected Korean settlement and they have hopes of having a church building of their own in the near future.

## Silla's Star Tower

(Dr. W. Carl Rufus is at present Professor of Astronomy in the University of Michigan, and was a number of years Professor in Chosen Christian College.)

### Korea's Ancient Observatory



LAIM has been made and not refuted that the Astronomical Observatory of Korea is the oldest structure extant and in tact built solely for observational use. Its site is one mile south-east of Kyungju, a county seat, in the southeastern part of Korea accessible by bus, forty miles east of Taiku, which is on the main line of the government railway about two hundred miles south of Seoul.

Kyungju marks the site of a flourishing ancient city of the same name, the capital of the Kingdom of Silla, 57 B. C. to 935 A. D. An artificial semi-circular wall of earth and stone, the Half-Moon Fortress, protected the city from invasion. A center of art and industry, it attracted Chinese, Japanese, Tibetans, Persians, Indians, even Arabians and probably Egyptians. Numerous survivals in the vicinity of Kyungju indicate the height attained by Korean civilization. From the top of the Observatory, thirty-six artificial hills were counted, marking royal tombs, in which are found excellent specimens of ornaments, pottery and other works of art. Nearby are ex-

tensive ruins of temples and palaces: the nine-storied pagoda built by Queen Sun-Dok for her jewels: the royal ice-house arched with stone in a section of the fortress: the Silla bell, twenty-three and one-half feet in circumference, twelve feet high and weighing sixty tons, while scattered over hill and plain are pieces of ornate roof and floor tile, wall decorations and other choice products of plastic art. Ten miles away, hewn in a mountain side is Suk-Kul-Am, the stone cave Chapel, which contains excellent survivals of ancient Oriental stone sculpture.

According to the Mum-hun-pi-go, the Observatory was constructed by Queen Sun-Dok in the sixteenth year of her reign 647 A. D. The following description was previously published by the author: "Its symmetrical form built of well-dressed stone rises thirty feet high on a level plain. The round part, seventeen feet in diameter at the base and ten feet at the top, rests upon a square foundation and is crowned by a capital also square. Two layers of the foundation stone reveal a solid construction, as the upper layer entirely above



ground is eighteen inches thick, the stones at the corners being six feet square. The round part contains twenty-seven layers of well-hewn stone about twelve inches high, and the capital two layers of equal height. The square portions were evidently intended to face the four cardinal points, although we cannot vouch for their accuracy, as the base is not exactly square. An open window or doorway on the south side, two feet five inches wide by three feet high, whose bottom is twelve feet above the foundation affords an entrance to the tower, which appears to be solid from the base to this height either by construction or later filling, but is hollow like a well from this point to the top, excepting obstructions due to the long tie stones whose ends appear in the nineteenth layer of stone, and a flat slab, 5 feet x 2 feet x 10 inches, near the top which covers half the well and apparently provided a platform for observational work."

A royal Astronomical Board kept a record of astronomical phenomena, which was given first place in the annals of each reign. From 53 B. C., a record of eclipses was kept and is preserved in the *Mum-hun-pi-go*. The motion of the moon and the planets was chronicled, also the occultations of bright stars, the appearance of comets, Venus in the daytime, sunspots, meteor, clouds, storms, winds, earthquakes, floods, tidal waves, landslides, extreme temperatures, frost, dew, excessive rain and snow, and other physical phenomena,

whose identification is difficult.

The Observatory has fame in Korean literature as well as in ancient science. Two short poems must suffice. An Took, the author of the first, was a famous poet and scholar of the first, was a famous poet and scholar of the fourteenth century. The writer of the second, Chyeng Mong-ju, was an official of great rank and the last great patriot of the Koryu dynasty, whose blood was shed through treachery and may still be seen, according to popular belief, in the red spots of the stones of Blood Bridge near Songdo.

#### SILLA STAR TOWER AN TOOK

Tho Silla's grandeur rose to mountain height  
And fell beneath the crushing weight of time's  
Unending change, her Tower stands. It cleaves  
The blue, where once her royal sages peered  
To read a message in the sky and bring  
A boon to earth.  
Alas ! Alas ! Who comes to fill their place ?  
We cry in vain.

#### THE OBSERVATORY Chyeng Mong-ju

Beneath the Half-Moon Fortress, near Kei-rim's  
stately wood,  
Where chimed the Jade Flute music, the Observa-  
tory stood.  
It witnessed Silla's glory ; whose history and lore  
Shall sing the nation's honor till time shall be no  
more.  
Today o'er hill and valley there comes a mournful  
sigh :  
The lonely Tower murmurs, "I grieve for days  
gone by."





# Woman's Medical Institute

(By MRS. ROSETTA SHERWOOD HALL, M. D.)

\*(NOTE: Five hundred persons entered the recent government examinations in this city for licence to practice medicine. Of this large number only sixteen were successful, and one of these was a young woman who is a graduate of the Woman's Medical Institute. —Editor—)



WHILE PASSING this work to younger and better hands to "carry on," I wish to say something of its five years of service completed September 4th, 1933.

During this time, 77 qualified young women have sent in the proper credentials and paid the matriculation fees; they have come from all over Korea, and are graduates of all the best higher schools for girls,—Government, Japanese, Private, and Mission Schools; and, some have also graduated from schools in Japan, or had begun study at the Woman's Medical College of Tokyo, but because of health, or financial reasons, returned to Korea to study at the Woman's Medical Institute.

All the senior girls have been receiving good clinical experience in the different hospitals of Seoul, Chemulpo, Haiju and Pyengyang the past two years. It is a great grief to me that I shall be absent and unable to see them receive their Government licences; but, I shall be gratified to read about it, and to learn of their future contribution to the Christian welfare of their country which it has been my privilege to serve so long.

No doubt after some of our students really receive their licences to practice medicine, there will be larger entrance classes: we are expecting a larger class next April. Also, we believe the new home and management of the W. M. I. will prove more attractive. We trust that more of its friends will visit 140 Kwan Chul Dong, which is not far from the C. L. S. and is easier of access than the former building outside the East Gate. And, please, stand firmly by Dr. Kil and her good husband in this brave undertaking, and give them all the support you can. Dr. Kil has been the

Vice-Principal of the W. M. I. from its beginning, and Dr. T. W. Kim, her husband has given 4 hours per week of free-service also from the first,—in fact, the first Promoters Meeting was held in their home. Dr. Kim is President of the Korean Medical Association, and is a specialist in Psychiatry. Dr. Kil is a graduate of the Tokyo Woman's Medical College and had post-graduate work in the University Hospital there, and a long experience since in children's and women's diseases, and has charge of the hospital for the same on the 1st floor of the Institute's new home which will give clinical training to the students.

And, thus—I feel this worthy couple have the best interests of this work at heart, and, when word came from my elder brother of his great need of me (he has been quite blind the past few years and recently his wife died and his children had died before) I felt led to turn to them to "carry on" and was so gratified by their united favourable response. And, they set right to work getting under the burdens, the faithful faculty and other friends also stand by; and so I feel free to leave believing the work is well provided for.

We continue to look forward to a Medical College for the women of Korea.—The fund for this purpose that was started at my 40th Anniversary here, has grown to the appropriate sum of *forty-three hundred yen*—one hundred *yen* for each of my forty-three years of service for Korea. May it soon increase to *forty-three thousand gold dollars*! which at the present exchange I reckon would be quite ample. Our best hope is that some wealthy man or woman in Korea, realizing the need, will create this Woman's Medical College, and thus do a unique work that neither the



Government nor Missions is doing; and, the Korean people will be forever grateful to such a philanthropist. Meanwhile, we praise God, we have not just sat down waiting for it, but that real medical college work has been done, though we haven't the name for it; and, the students are being fitted to fill greater places of usefulness in this needy land. And I can never cease to be grateful to our wonderful free-service faculty; to those who have contributed to medical education through the W. F. M. S.; the Woman's Medical Society of New

York State; Mrs. Hoaskins and other personal friends; the auxiliaries of Yonkers, N. W. and to some local friends in Korea for having made this work possible!

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whate'er we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds  
three—  
Himself, his hungering neighbour and Me."

## Spring in Korea and Other Poems by Catherine Baker

MRS. W. M. ROYDS

**T**HE FUNCTION of poetry is to lift us out of the narrow circle of our own selfish and self-centered interests, and to bring us into sympathy and communion with the wide world of men. Poetry should lift us out of the drab and dreary atmosphere of our ordinary life, into a purer, brighter and more adventurous existence. All forms of romance are the poets kingdom. This does not mean that realism should be avoided, but that such subjects should be treated, not as mere facts but with that divine humour, which is uplifting because it is a gift from above.

The second volume of Miss Catherine Baker's poems marks a distinct advance in her work, both in her treatment of romantic subjects and in that realism which is shot through with a most delightful humour.

In reading poetry one looks out for two things—the music of the wording, and the inspiration of the thought. As one would expect from a poet who is also a musician, Miss Baker's poems are remarkable for the music of their wording. The lines pour out with the effortless music of one "who does but sing because she must." Take for instance one stanza of the poem which gives the

volume its name:

Sunny nest spots down in the glen,  
Yes, and the good green grass again,  
Apricot blossoms bursting their hearts,  
Dreamy beauty that holds and smarts,  
Buttercups—  
Spring in Korea!

or the poem "An Opal Ring" which must be quoted whole:

"The colors of the dawn and sunset sky  
Drift in the confines of this changing stone,—  
Wild roses of warm woodsy paths are here,  
And purple royalty on golden throne;  
An ocean unforgettable, the green;  
Cathedral choir, the amethystine;  
A springtime hour, the deepening violet shade;  
Solemnity of chanted prayer, the blue;  
The shadow cast from poplar trees on snow  
Fresh fallen one cold morning close to spring,  
The gray; and here is dewdrop on the hedge,—  
And fire—and fire,—what worlds set in a ring."

These are fine examples of the music of words, and I regret that space forbids further quotations. "Design" and "Heart Castle" are both good in this respect.

With regard to the second point, the inspiration of the thought—we feel that the poet has her special message to convey. It is no new one, but, inasmuch as every individual differs from every other individual, each sees



truth from his own point of view. If he has made it his own he is bound to give it forth with a special and individual conviction that cannot but be of benefit to those whose idealism needs re-inspiring and re-inforcing. Her message is, I think, of the immanence of God. All beauty, all happiness, friendship and sorrow do not so much come from God—they are God.

"Where is He, turbulent thoughts? Can He be found?"

Perhaps, all life hides Him you hound.

Yet God has given us freedom—we are distinct and unengulfed. For as von Hugel has pointed out—let the drop be lost in the ocean, and for the drop there is no more either ocean or drop! But it is not so with us. And in face of this great mystery of existence comes this triumphant cry in "Heart Castle"

"My heart invincible on windy height  
Poises above annoying world that frets,  
That whines and loses life in silly fright.  
I own the castle—I command that gates  
Be closed to scheming enemies of my soul—  
Sour jealousies, alarms, death-causing hates.  
The drawbridge will be lowered for all who come  
As friends—with such I'll share my brimming  
bowl  
Of joy,—I own the castle in the sun."

This freedom to choose or reject starts the soul out on a journey in which it finds satisfaction only as it finds beauty and truth, and holiness, on this journey the soul finds with ever greater conviction, that though some may call these things evolution, life only makes sense if we call them God.

"Through friendly lips and eyes God's wisdom speaks,  
Through friendly hands God shows the shining way,—

No one can see the Lord, it has been said—  
One who has noble friends sees God each day."

And so the beauty of an opal, of a March morning, of a little blue vase; the courage of some struggling fishermen, the morning sea, the faithful-heart of a friend—are all different aspects of the Pearl of Great Price—the great Spirit who holds the whole round

earth and all the galaxy of sun, stars and planets in the hollow of His hand.

The book contains nineteen sonnets, the best of which, particularly the one entitled "We Live Not Commonly" are so good that one hopes Miss Baker will persevere with this difficult but attractive form of poetry.

Altogether a delightful little volume of much variety and beauty and we wish it God-speed on its way.

## A New Book

"Victorious Lives of Early Christians in Korea"  
by Mrs. W. Arthur Noble.

These glimpses of what "religious energetics" have effectually accomplished are certainly one answer to an appraisal of missionary efforts. Mrs. Noble's retaining of the real personalities of these early saints of the church lends a special charm to these autobiographies. To read this book is to have one's zeal stirred or renewed.

M. B. BIDDLE.

Dr. J. S. Ryang, General Superintendent of the Korean Methodist Church says:

"Being one of the pioneer missionaries and having spent over forty years in Korea, Mrs. Noble has had some rich experiences in regard to the power of the Gospel, the touch of which makes life victorious."

Bishop Herbert Welch says:

"This little book embodies an attempt to preserve the memory of some of the faithful witnesses. While it has a special interest for Christians in Korea, it has also a wider appeal. These vivid life sketches should touch the heart and stir the zeal of Christians every where. They remind us of primitive days in that Korean Protestantism which has now become strong, and of simple folk who have been "life changers" under conditions of handicap, opposition and persecution. May this book be a message of hope and cheer in these more complex, but still difficult days."



# In Quest of the Jade Button

(A Story of official intrigue and ambition in Old Korea)

CHAI HONG SIM

(Continued from Dec. Number)



WHILE these things were going on in that far northern city of Pyengyang. Chai Bong's father, Mr. Kim, whose official rank was Ginsa, was staying in Seoul, the capital of Korea. His sojourn had many purposes; beside the burning desire to have a high position in government officialdom he had an ambition to find a son of some noble family for his daughter. In fact he planned to accomplish the first wish by the merit of the second.

Among the friends he made there was a man by the name of Han Yang Joo. This man determined to take advantage of Kim Ginsa, knowing him to be very eager to be introduced to any of the panseus, or ministers of the government, so that he could have a chance to be promoted. Every day they met together and talked over the plan, how he might get an introduction to Han Panseu, who, according to Mr. Han's information, was one of the most powerful ministers of the time. Of course Han knew this panseu personally, but he told Kim Ginsa that he did not know him at all. There was something back of this pretense, which Kim Ginsa, a stranger and rustic from Pyengyang, could not see.

One day Han brought big news to Kim Ginsa by saying that if he had one thousand yang in cash, he would be able to make arrangements for him to see Han Panseu. This naturally kindled Kim Ginsa's hope that after all his time had come. Han received the sum he requested, and said that the arrangement would soon be made.

And the villain did not break his easy promise. Several days later he took Kim Ginsa to the panseu's residence. For the first time in his life he saw such a magnificent house with twelve servant quarters along either side of the main entrance. Gate after gate they

entered and passed through endless corridors until they reached the gorgeous main hall which amazed and bewildered the country gentleman.

A tall, stout *sang-no*, or a butler, came out and asked who they were. The visitors gave their names, and the *sang no* ushered them in. They stepped on the floor, the surface of which was so polished that their images were reflected, and by a mere touch of the hand the *midagi*, a door of mosaic woodwork and paper, opened smoothly of itself and disappeared between two walls. They quietly stood in one corner of the room with their hands buried in the sleeves of their long gowns and waited.

A man over sixty years of age sat on a long silk cushion with his back leaning against a huge screen. The yellowish white mustache covered his lips and half of the jade-tip of the slender bamboo smoking-pipe. His right hand that rested upon the folded knee held the long pipe stem in loose fingers. The man's eyes were closed. A dainty mahogany *moongap*, a wide and flat piece of furniture, stood at his right side with piles of Chinese books on it. Next to the *moongap* there was a tiny square table laden with ink-stone, hairpens, and long rolls of letter paper. A bronze brazier of hexagon shape occupied the center of the room, sending a slender spiral of smoke toward the ceiling.

When the old man opened his eyes from his short nap, the two guests bowed until their foreheads almost touched the *chang-pan*, the papered floor. Han Panseu accepted their bow with a slight movement of the head, and told them to sit down. They knelt in such a way that their ankles and feet were folded under them in the approved manner.

"Have you been well, Mr. Han?" the master began, and looking at Kim Ginsa, "I see a



stranger. Is he the man of whom you told me the other day?"

Han said yes, and the panseu began talking with Kim Ginsa, asking many things about his family and his personal ambitions. As for Kim Ginsa, he answered with great care lest he make any mistake. He expressed his long cherished desire to get rid of the rank "Ginsa" and secure a higher title. The panseu heard him with closed eyes, and mentioned that a vacancy had just been made in the Kwa-Cheun county on account of the sudden death of the magistrate there. This news made Kim Ginsa extremely glad. He looked at the panseu imploringly and earnestly.

"For that place," the old master continued, "I have you in my mind provided you can pay me ten thousand yang in cash."

Kim Ginsa humbly answered that he had only five thousand yang with him then, but that he would pay the balance after one month.

"All right," the panseu said trying to conceal his joy, "You can pay me the rest later, but you must write a contract." He then called loudly someone's name, and a minute later a young man came in. He wrote the contract as ordered, and the wooden seal of Kim Ginsa was used to make the great red impress. The panseu examined the paper and put it into one of the numerous drawers of the *moongap*. When the young lad was told to retire Kim Ginsa asked the panseu who he was.

"He is only my secretary," the latter replied, "why do you want to know about him?"

"Kim Ginsa said that he had a daughter back at home, and that such a good looking young scholar naturally roused his interest and curiosity. The panseu's wrinkled face lighted with interest. And then there followed some moments of silence.

"You may be a little surprised," the panseu said whimsically, stroking his white beard, "but how would you like to send her to me as my third concubine?"

Kim Ginsa hesitated.

"I mean it, my man," the panseu went on, "if she becomes my concubine, she will have all the comforts and luxuries of the world, and you, too, shall climb easily the ladder of officialdom. Why can't you be a minister of the government?"

"I am afraid she is not clever enough to serve you, sir," Kim Ginsa said in perplexity.

"That doesn't matter, as I will take good care of her and teach her many things."

Kim Ginsa sat quietly and thought deeply for some time. He was extremely glad on one hand that he was about to realize his dreams of glory, but he was considerably downcast to think of Chai Bong's becoming the old minister's concubine. His personal ambition, however, was so strong that it blinded his sense of morality and induced him to accept the suggestion of the old man.

"You are very wise," the panseu said delightedly, "By the way, you are no more a Ginsa but the magistrate of Kwa-Cheun county. From now on I will call you Kim Kwa-Cheun."

And he was very happy with his new title. Even during those short moments he thought with pride of the time when he and his family would announce this new position to the people of Pyengyang, and how he should have to move his home to Seoul when he became father-in-law to a minister of the government.

The two callers bid good-bye to the nobleman, and went out. On the way they chattered about their successful visit to the panseu, and Kim Kwa-Cheun was obliged to treat Mr. Han with wine and music at a dancing girl's place.

A week later Kim Kwa-Cheun found himself at his home in Pyengyang. Lady Kim had been waiting eagerly for his return and well she might have done so as she had much news to tell him. The whole family came out to welcome him, and of course those who were most glad were his wife and daughter. The first thing he told his folks was the new title he had brought from Seoul, and everybody seemed to respect him more than ever.



He entered the room and found the room filled with silks and satins piled high in rainbow tints.

"What are those clothes for?" he asked.

Lady Kim told her husband how eagerly she had waited for his return in order to decide Chai Bong's engagement to Kang Pil Seung and about many other things that had happened during his absence. Kim Kwa-Cheun became suddenly very pale. For the time being he could not talk but only listened. Finding a strange attitude in her husband, the lady asked, "What is the matter, dear? Aren't you glad to hear this happy news?"

"No, that engagement can never be!" roared the head of the family, "Chai Bong's husband will be a minister of the state, not an ordinary boy like Kang Pil Sung."

"Just what do you mean?" inquired his wife, her eyes round, "A minister? Who?"

"Honorable Han Panseu" he answered slowly and with impressive dignity.

"How old is he?"

"Around sixty."

"What?" exclaimed the wife in despair, "You must be crazy."

"But of course not as his wife."

"Then as what?"

"As his concubine."

"A concubine? No! Never!"

"Oh! You fool! You don't know how the old panseu loves his young concubines. If our Chai Bong goes to him, we shall live in Seoul I as *young-gam* and you as *manim*. Why, I am already the magistrate of Kwa-Cheun. Who knows but that I myself shall be a panseu someday?" He then did his best to explain his ambition to his wife, who gradually lost her objection, and began to yield her ears more willingly to the sweet words of her husband. Master Kang and the wonderful qualities she found in him, vanished from her memory, and only the dream of the bright future seemed to refresh her soul.

One problem, however, was left unsolved. Would their daughter obey them? Yes, she had to obey her father's command. The

father had the absolute control over her. And this custom allowed the thing they desired.

Cho Hyang who had been overhearing what the master and the lady were talking about, went swiftly to her young mistress and reported all in detail. To Chai Bong the unexpected tidings were worse than the sentence of death. For her immature mind a matter of this kind was too difficult to settle. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the wilderness of her future. She had read many famous biographies of women, in whom she had found undying devotion. This, too, she had cultivated, and determined to be faithful all her life. But alas! The dilemma was upon her! Must she obey her father by breaking her secret promise with master Kang whom she truly adored? In the narrow chamber of her heart two kinds of duties fought against each other. She was too weak to stand the battle within her breast and fell to the floor senseless.

Her parents were utterly ignorant of her mental strife and were only glad to get her consent as by force. The only one who could understand and sympathize with her was faithful Choo Hyang, who never left the side of her mistress. Night came, but the maidens never slept. Like a pair of chattering birds among the grove of thick foliage they sat in the dark room, and whispered to one another, trying to think of some way out of the delicate situation.

The next day Chai Bong pleased her parents by behaving as gracefully as ever. Their house and furniture were already on sale, and Kim Kwa-Cheun planned to sell all his properties so that he could take only cash with him to Seoul.

The news spread far and wide in Pyongyang. Many laughed at the foolishness of Kim Kwa-Cheun and his desire to be the father-in-law of an aged panseu by the sacrifice of his fair daughter. And then there was gossip concerning master Kang. The only thing the people really knew about him was



that he one day left his home, and never came back.

Within a fortnight Kim Kwa-Cheun accomplished the big task of selling all of his possessions, and the date of his departure was set. He had thirty thousand yang in cash, and was indescribably happy to set out on the high road of adventure. Yes, he was going to Seoul after all to become a real yang-ban

or a nobleman, there? At length the morning came for his family to leave their dear, old Pyengyang. The servants were called forth and paid their salaries, to which the master added some more money in appreciation of their long service. Choo Hyang, too, was supposed to go back to her widowed mother living somewhere in the same town.

*(To be Continued)*

## Oriental Gratitude

D. M. BLACK, M. D., C. M.



SINCE the missionary doctor has the privilege of rendering direct personal service to a large number of persons, he is from time to time the recipient of various gifts by which his patients seek to express their gratitude. Perhaps the commonest gift in this part of the world is a dozen eggs, or a small package of some fruit which happens to be in season. Occasionally a chicken has arrived at my door, intended for the pot, but always alive so that I may be sure it is fresh. These humble gifts express real gratitude and, in not a few cases, involve real sacrifice on the part of the donors in spite of their small monetary value.

A rather unusual gift, however, arrived this afternoon. Some days ago we discharged a young well-to-do Chinaman who had completed the cure for the opium habit. As he said farewell to me he explained that, as a means of expressing his gratitude, he was having a congratulatory tablet carved for presentation. I expressed my appreciation but explained that it would scarcely be ethical for me to hang such a tablet in the hospital where it might appear to be in the nature of advertising. He seemed quite depressed and said that the work of carving had already been commenced. In order that I might not seem unappreciative, I said that I would be delighted to accept the tablet and hang it in my house.

Several days passed and yesterday the hospital secretary reported that word had come announcing the completion of the tablet and enquiring what time would be convenient for me to receive it. "They will bring it up with a Chinese band," he said. I requested him to ask them to dispense with the music, and just deliver it quietly at any time that would suit them. When I returned from the hospital this afternoon the tablet was waiting at the house and with it were four men asking for instructions as to where to hang it.

The reason for the four men becomes clear when it is explained that the tablet is six and a half feet long by two and a half wide and carved on planks two inches thick. The ground is a deep blue with the main Chinese characters in gilt and the others crimson while over the top and sides is draped a piece of crimson cloth. A free translation reads:—

CURING DISEASE, RELIEVING PAIN.  
Presented to Dr. Black by Tou Tae.

The problem of hanging a gift of such generous proportions was not an easy one. Every available piece of wall in my study was measured and found wanting. Finally, at the cost of partially covering a window, a spot on the closed veranda was selected. There it hangs, the token of the gratitude of a patient, and I trust that I may escape censure at the hands of the Medical Council on a charge of advertising!



# What is Interesting the Korean Church?

Extracts from "The Christian Messenger"

Translated by BRUCE F. HUNT

On Nov. 3th the new Nam Sung Chung Church building in Taiku was dedicated. This church was the first in Keung Sang Province. The new building was built by a Korean Christian contractor at a cost of ¥ 18,000.

Recent government statistics show that there are 816,976 Koreans living in Japan proper. 31,002 of this number are living in and about Tokyo.

The Christians in Rashin are collecting money for the erection of a ¥ 3,000 church building. Elder Masada, a Japanese, living in Seoul, presented the church with a site valued at ¥ 1,600 and they are now able to go ahead. Rashin is the new port, north of Wonsan, which is now being developed on such a large scale.

The Soong Oui Girls' Academy (Presbyterian) in Pyengyang, celebrated the 30th anniversary of its beginning on Oct. 31st.

Recently 1900 trees in the province of Keung Kui were marked for protection by the government because of their historic interest. The oldest of these trees is said to be 900 years old.

The Korean church in Nagoya Japan recently held special meetings under Kim Ik Tu, the Korean Billy Sunday. 250 new decisoins were made. At the close of the meetings it was decided to call a regular evangelist to the church, half of the salary was made up by the church and they are planning to petition the Canadian Presbyterian Mission for aid on the other half. Due to crowded conditions it was found necessary to increase the capacity of the church and an offering of ¥ 900 was made for the new building.

Bishop Kern arrived in Seoul on Nov. 14 from China. He is now on his way to America after four years of service in Japan, China and Korea. A reception was held in his honor on Nov. 21st, Bishop Yang, Baron Yun Chi Ho, Dr. Hugh Cynn, and Rev. Kim Chong Oo being the sponsors.

At a meeting of the Korean Theological Students in Japan on Nov. 3, reports were heard from the gospel teams that had travelled in Korea and Manchuria during the Summer vacation.

The government reports 3,900,048 orphans, blind, deaf, dumb, sick, jobless and homeless in Korea today.

## Notes and Personals

### United Church of Canada

#### *Birth*

To Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Knechtel, Sungjin, a daughter, Carol Joyce, on November 26.

### Northern Presbyterian Mission

#### *Returned from Furlough*

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Genso, Seoul.

Dr. and Mrs. G. S. McCune, Pyengyang.

#### *Left on Furlough*

Rev. A. A. Pieters, Seoul.

### Australian Presbyterian Mission

#### *Returned from Furlough*

Rev. and Mrs. J. F. L. Macrae, Kumasan.

#### *Visitors*

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour.

### Southern Methodist Mission

#### *Returned from Furlough*

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Gerdine and two children.

### Northern Methodist Mission

Word has been received by letter that the mothers of both Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Billings have died. Dr. Billings is now in U. S. A.

### Southern Presbyterian Mission

#### *Left for U. S. A.*

Capt. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart, Seoul. Captain Swinehart expects to return to Korea in March.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morris have left Seoul for a visit to the United States. They expect to return in April.

Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Benninghoff, of the American Baptist Mission in Japan, visited their daughter, Mrs. Dennis of Seoul, for the Christmas holidays.